

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 5.—VOL. XXII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1810.

NO. 1099.

## THE MONKS OF CLUNY ;

OR,

## CASTLE-ACRE MONASTERY.

### AN HISTORICAL TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

THE busy confusion which pervaded the castle in the preparations making for the reception of the enemy, prevented either Harold or Gunetha from finding an opportunity for conversing in private that night with the Countess. The disconsolate appearance of her countenance when they beheld her in the chapel of the castle at vespers, led them both to fear that her mind was filled with ideas of an unpleasant nature; and from the compassionate glances which she cast upon them both, they could not doubt themselves to be the objects of her reflection.

On the following morning, whilst Harold was employed in the duties of his military profession, the Countess closeted herself with Gunetha, and imparted to her the sum of her conversation on the preceding day with the Earl.

The lovely girl was moved by the recital equally to grief and to wonder: the generous love of her Harold had reclaimed her from the idea of burying herself for life in a monastic retreat; to him she had looked forward with expectancy as the partner of her joys, the soother of her sorrows; and the dread of being obliged to relinquish these pleasing prospects, filled her tender heart with agony. Inexplicable did it appear to her, why, if she were content to unite her fate with the virtuous Harold, why, if she were satisfied to accept his manly and noble qualities of heart in the place of rank or birth, the Earl de Warren should so decidedly oppose himself to the bliss, which those most concerned in the event proposed to themselves from such a union.

Her tears could not be restrained: the soothing and maternal tenderness of the Countess could not check their current down her cheeks, which were bleached by the disappointment just communicated to her soul: and Harold found her indulging in her grief. A few words informed him of the source from whence it sprang, despair seized on him, as it already had done upon the lovely orphan who possessed his heart. "What means this tyranny on the part of the Earl?" he exclaimed; "how can he be interested in tearing asunder the bonds of our love? how can our misery afford him satisfaction?—Oh! Gunetha, I do not doubt thy love; I believe it pure as the desires of angels; I believe that no compulsion, no threats, will induce thee to resign me, to cease to regard me as the future partner of thy fate; but it would at this moment contribute to the ease of my soul, which no other means can cause it to taste, if thou wouldst pronounce to me a solemn vow to that effect."

"To refuse compliance," answered Gunetha, "would be to appear not to love thee; and of that my Harold shall never accuse or suspect me: dictate to me the vow which can relieve thy sorrowing mind, and my lips shall readily and joyfully pronounce it."

The grateful youth caught her in extacy to his breast; and a vow of indissoluble love was mutually pronounced by them.

The moments which lovers snatch to interchange their sentiments of affection and regard, fly with a swiftness which ever calls forth their regret; and ere Harold had communicated half the ideas of his soul to the object of his love, the loud blast of a trumpet, sounded from the ramparts of the castle, called him to his duty.

Ere he had reached the spot to which he was hastening, he was surprised by a second, and a third blast of the trumpet, which increased, each time it was blown, in the shrillness of its sound; and on his arriving at the outer wall, to which the signal summoned him, he learnt that the enemy was within sight. Every member of the castle, who had been trained to military duty, immediately flew to their arms; and in a very short time the walls of the castle were completely manned, and a stout defence presented to the approaching foe.

About the hour of noon, the contest was begun by a shower of arrows discharged by the Earl de Montalt's followers. These were answered by an equal discharge on the part of De Warren's soldiery; and as the foe continued to approach the castle, its defenders had recourse to their slings, and poured down from them many slints, which carried with them certain destruction.

The combat was vigorously pursued on both sides, till the shades of night descending to the earth, put a period to their strife.

The hours of night were used by both parties for recruiting their strength against the return of light; and with the rising sun hostilities were recommenced. The fight was again continued, with great bravery on both sides, till evening was once more returning; and victory having, for the last few hours, inclined, in some small degree, towards the besieged, the forces of De Montalt retired to their camp, which was pitched on the distant plain, signifying to De Warren, that it was the intention of their Earl to desist for three days from hostilities.

De Warren did not judge his powers sufficiently strong, or numerous, to warrant his rushing out upon the enemy, and attempting to vanquish them in their camp, and there fore expressed to his leaders, his intention of keeping the truce sacred.

The business of the day being concluded, the soldiery of Castle-Acre were liberally regaled by their Lord: and the praises of Harold's courage, and excellent conduct as a soldier, preceded in the warmest expressions from the lips of the Earl.

Encouraged by these commendations to a step which would probably else not have entered the mind of Harold at this period of importance to the safety of the Earl's rights and possessions, he took an opportunity of following him into his private apartment; and casting himself on his knees before him, besought him, as the reward of that conduct which he had been pleased so warmly to recommend, to bestow on him the hand of his ward, Gunetha.

With a calm and dispassionate firmness, the Earl replied, that it was impossible for him to

consent to his request; that the respect which he owed to his deceased friend, Sir Robert de la Pole, would not permit him to grant the hand of his daughter to a man of plebeian birth; and that, moreover, he had projected for her an alliance connected with wealth and honour.

Harold urged, that these advantages would not compensate to Gunetha for the absence of affection; and that, as her heart was solely and irrevocably placed upon him, she could never taste happiness in a union with any other man; nor, he was certain, would she ever consent to become the wife of any other being, however great the splendour of his rank, or the sumptuousness of his possessions.

The Earl replied that this was a contingency which still remained to be proved. It had not, he said, been his intention to address her upon the subject of his plan for her future life, till he had ended the contest now subsisting between himself and the Earl de Montalt; but as the subject had been opened to him by his Countess, and was now seconded by Harold, he judged that he could not proceed in a more advisable way, than immediately to bring the impending doubts of all to a crisis; and concluded his address, by directing Harold to inform Gunetha, that he wished her to meet him in his library on the following morning at the hour of nine; against which time he should prepare himself to disclose to her the plans he had been meditating for her future honour and felicity.

Still more desponding in mind than ever, and upheld from utter despair alone by the vow of constancy which his Gunetha had on the preceding day made to him, Harold sought her, as the Earl had directed him to do, and imparted to her the sorrowful and mysterious intelligence with which he was charged.

"I will keep my vow; I will religiously keep it amidst every emergency, and in spite of every calamity that may in consequence of it befall me, and every cruelty which may be heaped on me because I will not revoke it," was the only sentence which Gunetha appeared capable of expressing; and again and again did she repeat it.

The only reflection which divided the thoughts of Harold with the possibility of diverting the Earl from his purpose of bestowing the hand of the woman, in whom his own existence was centred, on another, was an endeavour to conjecture who could be the man whom he had selected as her husband: few visitors were admitted at Castle-Acre; none had lately resorted thither of high rank; and not one of those who had done so, had been in the slightest degree particular in his attentions to the fair orphan.

This point of mystery Gunetha was herself equally at a loss to solve, as was her beloved Harold; and when the evening bell warned them to separate for the night, they parted from each other in a frame of mind hitherto unknown to their feelings.

Ill-fated pair! how little did they imagine, when they first felt the glow of youthful affection warm their innocent and susceptible hearts, that their passion would lead to misery!—that the noblest sensation of the human breast, would in them be construed into a fault; and the purest source of nature's bliss poisoned by the in-

reference of him whom they had regarded as their mutual protector!

Harold, and his Gunetha, were at this period of their lives, not less pre-eminent in the graces of the person, than in the virtuous and noble qualities of the mind, and appeared in the eyes of all, a pair formed for each other. The youth had now attained his full growth and strength; he was tall, and well-proportioned; his countenance more than commonly handsome, yet of a manly and commanding expression; his hair black, and falling in short curls on his neck and forehead; his eyes dark and brilliant; his lips adorned with the smile of good humour, and benevolence of heart.

Gunetha was exquisitely fair: her luxuriant tresses, of a light brown, flowed in unrestrained grace upon her milk-white bosom; her soft blue eyes sparkled with the lustre of a diamond; her lips were of the hue of the ruby; twin roses bloomed upon her cheeks; and her form was symmetry in its utmost perfection.

(To be Continued.)

#### ANECDOTES.

A Preacher of uncommon celebrity for his vociferation, was one day preaching a sermon for an infirmary, and to effect his purpose observed, that 'no man could possibly be prevented from bestowing liberally but by distressed circumstances. Whoever, therefore, (he added) shrinks from his duty on this occasion, must be inevitably concluded to be in debt.' The consequence was, a plentiful contribution.

Another time, being employed in a similar case, Methuselah (said he) I hear some of you excuse yourselves, by alledging the sums you intend to bequeath to charitable institutions at your death. I am glad to hear it, but in the meantime the poor must not starve in expectation of your liberality; and we shall think ourselves in duty bound to offer up our most devout supplications to the Father of Mercies, that he would be pleased, as soon as possible, to take you to himself for their benefit.' The audience were terrified into charity, and the effect was answerable to the most sanguine wishes of the preacher.

Two girls of fashion lately entered an assembly room just as a fat citizen's wife was quitting it. 'Ah, (said one of them, pretty loud) there is beef, a la mode, coming out.' 'Yes, (returned, the city dame) and there is game going in.'

#### AN IRISH FORGERY.

At a provincial assize, not long since, in Ireland, an attorney was tried upon a capital charge of forgery. The trial was extremely long; when, after much sophistry from the counsel, and the most minute investigation of the judge, it appeared, to the complete satisfaction of a crowded court, that the culprit had forged the signature of a man who could neither read nor write!

#### INTOXICATION.

To what an awful extent must the rage for ardent spirits have prevailed at one period in England, when the parliament was obliged to prohibit for twelve months the distillation of Gin! Smollet informs us, that there were at that time signs or show-boards, to the tippling houses, with this tariff of prices, 'drunk for a penny—dead drunk for two pence—straw for nothing.'

Malice, in a wicked heart, is the king of passions: all others bow to it.

Commonly those fruits which are soon ripe, soon wither.

#### NEW-BEDFORD'S TEARS!

##### AN ELEGY.

WHERE, slow and sad Acushnet laves  
The sullen beach with tear-swollen waves,  
The sedge-crown'd Genius of the stream  
Thus poured the melancholy dreme,—  
Weep, Mothers, Widows, Orphans, weep!  
Your hope is swallowed in the deep;  
Your joy is fled, your peace is flown—  
Your cloudless sun is set at noon.

Weep, mothers, weep! Your sons no more  
Shall press their lov'd their native shore,—  
No more the husband's cheering voice  
Salute the partner of his choice.  
Mourn, children, hapless orphans, mourn;  
No more to view your sire's return:  
That heart has ceased to beat, that breast  
Is cold, which yours so fondly prest.

Weep, Virgins, weep! those blooming charms  
Shall never bless your lovers arms!  
Cold they lie in watery graves,  
Whelmed beneath the sullen waves.  
Far from their friends and native home,  
They meet their miserable doom:  
No tender mother closed their eyes,  
No weeping maid received their sighs.

What though, in every clime renowned,  
Acushnet's hardy sons are found,  
And many a brave and worthy name  
Illumes the scroll of naval fame:  
What though thy ships in lofty pride,  
Are borne on every swelling tide,  
And to each varying, fickle gale  
Some bark of thine unfurls her sail:—

Acushnet! now thy joy is fled;  
Thy glory slumbers with the dead.  
The mellow viol's thrilling sound,  
The giddy dance's mazy round,  
The sprightly song, the merry tale,  
Forgotten, shall no more prevail:  
Thy voice, thy tears shall only flow  
To strains of elegiac woe.

Winter's hoarse storm and hollow wind  
Shall breathe fresh horror on the mind;  
Nor shall the joy inspiring spring  
Oblivion to thy sorrows bring.  
Weep, Mothers, Widows, Virgins weep;  
Your hope is swallowed in the deep;  
Your joy is fled, your peace is flown,  
Your cloudless sun has set at noon.

\* New-Bedford is a flourishing seaport town, pleasantly situated on Acushnet river. It has long been noted for its able and excellent seamen.

The Thetis, bound from New-Bedford to Savannah, with 34 persons on board, chiefly young men, having families at New-Bedford, was upset at sea by a squall, on the 22d of November last, all of whom, except five persons, perished. These five remained on the wreck 17 days subsisting on raw potatoes and port wine, when they were providentially discovered, and taken off.

#### EURILLA.

EURILLA's blue eyes, and her bright locks of gold,  
The breast of a dervise with love might inflame—  
Fair as snow is her bosom, but ah! 'tis more cold.  
And no vows the coy pride of the virgin can tame.

I said to my heart: 'Tis in vain to pursue  
A nymph that disdains thee, nor heeds thy fond prayer—  
Alas! foolish heart, 'tis in vain thou art true  
To one, who, though lovely, is cruel as fair!

'The fault is not mine,'—with a sigh it replies—  
'That my passion in spite of her scorn ne'er grows colder;

The anguish I suffer I owe to your eyes;  
Ere I cease to adore—you must cease to behold her.

#### HAPPINESS AND PLEASURE.

'Cælum quid quæremus ultra'

HAPPINESS and pleasure are, by some considered so nearly allied, as to induce the question whether they are not one and the same—but I think, on examination, we shall find them widely different. By pleasure, I mean that peculiar felicity of the feelings which attends the enjoyment of something desirable—but as this desirable something may be only momentary, or eminently hazardous, a precarious enjoyment of it may afford pleasure but be very far from producing happiness.

Happiness and pleasure, though distinct in themselves, are nevertheless used to express the same thing.

I admit that to be happy is to have pleasure—but I do not admit that to have pleasure is to possess happiness—the one may include the other: but it does not follow that both are co-existent. Any more than that the possession of a house should also include the furniture.

The distinction between happiness and pleasure has, however, become lost in these degenerate times, when every pursuit is directed to, and ends in the latter, without reference to the former.

The man of fashion pursues happiness in every circle, but he cannot attain it. It eludes his vigilance—it escapes his grasp—he is however contented to embrace the shadow for the substance, and fancies himself happy! I have seen one of this description make that distinction in his language which existed not in his ideas—thus, 'he would be happy to have the pleasure of your company' instead of, 'he would be pleased,' &c. But as these aim at elegance and variety and (like some of my acquaintance) are anxious to display their talents in pomposity, we must excuse them for confounding as synonymous, what are distinct and independent—or at least allow them to use term without meaning any thing, for the pleasure they derive in pronouncing them.

The miser fancies he is happy when he has raked together an immense heap of treasure—but I must pronounce him above all others, farthest from the truth; because he possesses nothing but this heap and is a beggar in happiness as well as in pleasure.

The studious man fancies himself happy: but alas! he reckons not his anxiety for his future prospects—nor his concern at the figure he is destined to make in life, or he would perceive that from his studies he derives nothing but pleasure.

The author deems himself the happiest of men when his writings are well received—but, is it not the pleasure he feels from vanity that renders his feelings tolerable? Alas! Some malignant critique, may take advantage of an age when the author is no more, to rail at his productions and hiss them to the tomb of the Caput's.

The statesman would fain persuade himself that he is happy, on ascending an office of trust and honor. But there is a melancholy reflection that attends his self gratulation, lest he may descend with a rapidity equal to his predecessor, and be as soon forgotten.

The Philosopher, who, if any, might lay the greatest claim to happiness, is yet very far from possessing it. Is there nothing too intricate for solution—nothing too mysterious for apprehension? Yes! a thousand problems to be solved, and much time and labor to be lost.

Who then is happy? I answer—He is the happy man, whose mind, unengrossed by worldly considerations, is highly susceptible of religious impressions.

To meditate on the grandeur of nature, and to appreciate the science which unfolds her to his view, only as a mean of improvement in better things, ought to be the design of every rational creature in developing the abstruse ways of Providence, or in viewing the common revolutions of nature.

But in relation to our moral obligations, which undoubtedly must be regulated by the conceptions we entertain of God—how incumbent is it, that every iota of duty should be performed, to induce that freedom and clearness of conscience, which stamps its possessor as the happiest of men. He, therefore, who is studious in the performance of his social duties to his Creator, and to his fellow creatures, whether as the affluent possessor of palaces, or the humble tenant of the solitary cot, is no stranger to happiness.

The greatest comfort of our life is the fruition of friendship—the dissolution whereof is the greatest pain of death.



# The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 10, 1810.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 50 persons, (of whom 15 were men, 3 women, 5 boys and 7 girls) during the week, ending on Saturday last, viz. Of apoplexy 1, cancer 1, consumption 8, convulsions 1, decay 1, dropsy 1, dropsy in the head 1, drowned 2, typhus fever 2, pleurisy 1, sprue 1, still born 2, teething 1, hives 1, insanity 1, intemperance 1, locked jaw 1, and 1 committed suicide.

The cases of drowned were Morgan Dally, a native of Ireland, aged 50 years, and an African named York.

In the course of Monday night last, a most violent gale burst out from the Westward, and continued for several hours. The only material damage we have heard of is the sinking of the brig Bellisarios, and three sloops at the docks on the north side of the town, the latter being loaded with stone.

Wednesday morning about 7 o'clock, the pilot boat at Chaulpin was discovered to be on fire. On examination the fire was found to be under the hearth, and it was put out before any damage was done to the vessel. But Henry Sleight and John Anderson, two apprentices, who were in bed in the hold, were so far suffocated that they were taken out senseless, and almost gone. The life of Anderson is still despaired of—Harry is recovering.

N. Y. Gaz

The Chester and Delaware Federalist, of Wednesday the 28th ult. says: "We are sorry to state that on Monday last, Mr. Thomas Davis's valuable paper-mill, in Uwehlan township, Chester county, with a great stock of rags, was consumed by fire. Mr. John Dowling's grist-mill, adjoining, shared the same fate, with a large quantity of grain. The former loss is computed at 15,000 dollars; the latter, it is supposed, will not fall short of 5,000.

Donna Susana Claretona.—It appears by the Government Gazette of Seville, that amongst the Spanish heroines who have so much contributed to the defence of the country, and the honour of her sex, Donna Susana Claretona, wife of Don Francisco Selouch, merits a distinguished place. She has served, with her husband, in the Somatenes, from the commencement of the war; acquired the rank of sub-lieutenant of infantry; has been in many actions; has killed several of the enemy; has been wounded; and has lately received the appointment of a Commandant of Somatenes, in conjunction with her husband.

## WAS BURNT.

On Monday the 12th ult. the house of Col. Charles Williams, at the fork of the Muskingum—the particulars are as follows:—About 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, the son of Col. Williams and a hired man sleeping with two children in the loft, were awakened by smoke from the lower rooms which were already in flames; they immediately went down stairs and found one of the rooms all on fire, they opened the door and the flames burst forth so that it could not be shut, they then went to another door next to the well, and endeavoured to pump water into the room but it was too late—they hollowed and awakened Mr. James Williams (the Col's brother) and a stranger who were both in the loft, they got up and were nearly smothered by smoke,

which filled the room so that they could not see, but they at last got to the window and the stranger jumped out, but Mr. Williams still in hope to stop the fire, threw down the beds to smother it but the people down stairs carried them out doors as all hopes vanished of saving the house—by this time the children were screaming for assistance, and were called by Mr. Williams to come to the window, but the flames were forcing into the chamber door so furious that they could not get by it and Mr. Williams who was almost stifled, was obliged to quit the room, or perish with them, he escaped with only his shirt. Col. Williams and his wife escaped without having time to dress, and the two children, one was the Col's son about ten years of age, and the other his brother's son about eight years old, were both consumed, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of their parents to save them. They screamed for help but could not be relieved! We hope this will be a sufficient warning for people to secure their fires when going to bed, as no account can be given of this horrid accident, or how the house took fire, but every thing was destroyed except two beds and the clothes they had on.

On the 23d ult. a man by the name of Elias Thoras, was apprehended and carried before Justice Freeman, for passing counterfeit Bank Bills.—There was bills found in his possession to the amount of more than 1400 dollars, of nine different Banks, more than half of which were in imitation of the bills of the Boston Bank; the rest were of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank (Philadelphia); the Union Bank (Boston); the Newburyport, Hillsborough, Maine, Portland, Vermont, and New-Brunswick Banks, but chiefly of the three former, viz. Farmers, Union, and Newburyport. He is committed to the jail in this town. He says he came from Canada.

Portland Argus.

The dwelling-house of Mr. Gideon Dimic, Jun of Huntsburgh, was consumed by fire on the 5th inst. about noon, with a child of Mr. Dimic, about two years old. Mrs. Dimic had slept out to a neighbour's house, about eighty rods distant, on an errand, and when returning home, beheld the house in flames. The eldest child had left the house, whilst the youngest was left to perish in the flames.

Vermont Pap.

In the year 1787, a tradesman in London put an advertisement in the papers of that city, in the following words:

## "NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

"Whereas about six years ago, I became a bankrupt, and only paid 5s. in the pound, and within two years afterwards I was a bankrupt again at which time I paid 8s. 2d. in the pound: I do hereby give notice, that in about one month from this date, I shall be a bankrupt again, when (I am happy to inform the public) I expect from the extensive business I have lately carried on, I shall be able to pay full 10s. in the pound; after which time I mean to try my luck in the lottery, and if I have a prize, I never intend to go into business again."

## COTTON BALLS AND BONNET WIRE.

American and English manufactured Cotton Balls and Bonnet Wires, the first quality, and of all numbers, for sale by

SAUNDERS AND LEONARD,

119 William Street.

march 10,

1099—tf

## COURT OF HYMEN

SPARK of the altar-topping flame.  
That fumes before the throne of God,  
First kindling man's innoxious frame,  
To bridal Eden's new abode!

## MARRIED.

On Monday evening the 5th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. R. James to Miss Sarah Beckman, daughter of the late James J. Beckman deceased.

On Thursday afternoon, the 1st inst. at Rye, by the Rev. Mr. Haskel, Mr. James Turk, merchant, of New-York, to Miss Rachel Purdy, of the former place.

At Augusta, G. on the 24th Dec. last, by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. Charles Stoval, to Miss Lucy Ashton.

## MORTALITY.

Yasall must yield to Death's remorseless rage;  
Creation's brow shall wrinkle up with age;  
Time shall remove the key stone of the sky—  
Heaven's roof shall fall—and a! but Virtue die!

## DIED.

On Wednesday last, Mrs. Sarah Griswold

On Wednesday evening last, Mrs. Eleanor Canfield, wife Mr. Thomas Canfield

On Thursday morning last, Hugh R. Murray, of a long and painful illness. He lived respected and died lamented.

On Saturday last, at Greenwich, Capt. Richard Seaman, in the 42d year of his age.

At Morristown, New-Jersey, on Sunday last, Mrs. Jane Harris, wife of Edward Harris, Esq.

At Albany, on the 19th ult. Jeremiah Van Rensselaer Esq. in the 70th year of his age; late Lieutenant-Governor of this state—A venerable patriot of 1776.

At Philadelphia, on Saturday last, very suddenly, Mr. Israel Jacobs, aged 96.

At St. Bartholemew, on the 30th of October last, shortly after his arrival, Doctor Samuel Wheeler—His friends will receive useful information on application at the office of the New-York Gazette.

## ANSWER TO THE REBUS IN OUR LAST, CHEESE.

## AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.

A constant supply of the best American Fringe, in a variety of widths and patterns. Cotton Yarn and threads for Knitting, Netting, and Sewing, of various colors, Floss Cotton of a superior quality, Sheetings, Shirtings, and the best twilled Bed Ticks long and habit Buck Skin Gloves, &c. by Wholesale and Retail at the lowest Factory Prices, also, a handsome and fresh assortment of Ribbons, plain and edged Galloons, of a superior style, and various colours, most of which are suitable, for Shoemakers or Hatters use.

J. C. WATSON.

No. 207, Greenwich-street.

1091 if

Janr 13

## FOR SALE.

A NEGRO WENCH, from the country, 25 years old, has 10 years to serve, is sober, honest, and understands house work in general.—Apply at this office February 24 1097—3t\*

## WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

Four or five Young Ladies for Mantua-making. Inquire at No 89 Pearl street

## CISTERNS

Made and put in the ground complete warranted tight by C. ALFORD, No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

CARDS, HANDBILLS &c.  
PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE  
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## COURT OF APOLLO.

### TRANSFORMATION OF THE CATERPIL- LAR.

*From the change of the 'crawling caterpillar' into the gay butterfly, reference is often made to the resurrection of man. The following beautiful lines on that subject we from Shaw's General Zoology.*

The helpless crawling caterpillar trace  
From the first period of his reptile race.  
Clothed in dishonour on the leafy spray  
Unseen he wears his silent hours away,  
Till, satiate grown of all that life supplies,  
Self-taught the voluntary martyr dies  
Deep under earth his darkling course he bends,  
And to the tomb, a willing guest, descends.  
There, long secluded in his lonely cell,  
Forgets the sun, and bids 'the world farewell.  
O'er the wide waste the wintry tempests reign,  
And driving snows usurp the frozen plain.  
In vain the tempest beats, the whirlwind blows;  
No storms can violate his grave's repose.  
But when revolving months had won their way,  
When smile the woods, and when the zephyrs play,  
When laughs the vivid world in nature's bloom,  
He bursts and flies triumphant from the tomb,  
And while his new-born beauties he displays,  
With conscious joy his altered form surveys.  
Mark, while he moves amid the sunny beam,  
O'er his soft wings the varying lustre gleam.  
Launched into air, on purple plumes he soars,  
Gay nature's face with wanton glance explores;  
Proud of his varied beauties wings his way,  
And spoils the fairest flowers, himself more fair  
than they!

And deems weak man the future promise vain;  
When worms can die, and glorious rise again?

*The following verses were written by Arthur O'Connor, the notorious Irish patriot, and distributed by him on his way to confinement in Fort George, Scotland 1798.*

I  
The pomp of Courts, and pride of Kings,  
I prize above all earthly things;  
I love my country, but the King  
Above all men his praise I sing.  
The royal banners are display'd,  
And n y success the standard aid.

II  
I fain would banish far from hence,  
The Rights of Man and Common Sense,  
Confusion to his odious reign,  
That foe to Princes, Thomas Paine!  
Defeat and ruin seize the cause  
Of France, its liberties, and laws!

Nothing objectionable is here obvious to the reader, but to learn the real sentiments of the writer we must take the first line of the first verse and next the first line of the second, and the second line of the first and the second line of the second and so on alternately. Thus we shall find sedition in what at first appears to be loyalty.

### EPIGRAM.

#### THE AUTHOR AND CRITIC.

'Vile critic!' exclaimed a poor author in pique,  
'In reviewing my work, why abuse it?  
You've injured my fame by your cursed critique,  
For nobody now will peruse it.'

Quoth the critic, 'I'm glad to hear that, for my aim  
Was to save, not destroy, reputation,  
And I could not more certainly ruin your fame  
Than by giving your work circulation.'

## MORALIST.

*What is he who feels for the sufferings of mankind? He is beloved among the children of affliction, and he is the favourite of sensibility. But how much greater is he who relieves the misery he beholds and feels for, who offers up in secret the tenth of his possessions on the altar of charity, and devotes his health, his fortune, and his life to the service of the oppressed; who looks up with confidence to heaven to assist and forward the good intentions of his heart, and therefore never stumbles on the snares of the wicked, who seek to turn him from the right way—Whose perseverance is as great as his virtue, and whose patience is equal to his zeal. This man is more than human; his soul has persevered, undefiled, the image of his God; he resembles him whose redemption was glorious and universal. How adorable, how unequalled this character; how rarely scattered among the savage sons of men.*

*To those affected with Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Consumptions.*

There is, perhaps, no medical observation better established, none more generally confirmed by the experience of all ages and countries, and none of more importance to the practitioner, than the fact that many of the most difficult and incurable complaints originate in neglected Colds. In a climate as variable as ours, where the changes of the weather are frequently sudden and unexpected, it requires more care and attention to guard against this subtle and dangerous enemy of life, than most people imagine, or are able and willing to bestow. Hence the vast numbers of patients afflicted with coughs, catarrhs, asthmas, and consumptions. The many cases of the kind which fell under my observation, the disappointments I experienced in practice, from remedies highly recommended, and my own predisposition to pulmonary complaints, were strong inducements for me to consider whether a compound, consisting of mild vegetable substances, could not be invented, more free from the well founded objections of practitioners, and better calculated to avert the threatened destruction of the lungs.

I have the satisfaction now to offer the public such a remedy, under the name of

### VEGETABLE PULMONIC DETERGENT,

well adapted to various constitutions and habits, and to declare with the fullest confidence, that I have found this composition far superior to others intended to answer the same purpose. I am perfectly satisfied, practitioners who have frequently to combat the effect of suppressed perspiration, and do not neglect the use of the lancet and other evacuations whenever they are indicated, will place this medicine on the list of their favourite remedies.

N B The above named medicine is secured to the subscriber, by letters patent from the President of the United States, and prepared at his dispensary, in Northampton, county of Hampshire, and state of Massachusetts, price Two Dollars a cake, and for sale by the following gentlemen in this city, who are appointed agents, viz. Doctor Daniel Lord, 77 Water-street; Mr. George Hunter, 150 Front street; George Hunter, jun. 3 Albany basin; Messrs Hull and Bowne, druggists 146 Pearl-street; Messrs. G and R. Waite, booksellers, 64 and 38 Maiden lane. Dr. John P. Fisher, 106 Broadway; Doctor John Clark, jun 91 Maiden lane—Doctor Rabineau and Co. 302, Broadway, corner of Duane-street—Mr. Charles Harrison, printer of the Weekly Museum, 3 Peck-slip; Doctor Robert Johnson, druggist 49 Bowery-lane—Robert Bach and Co. 120 Pearl street.

Numerous certificates of the efficacy of this valuable medicine may be had at the above places, from persons of undoubted veracity.

January 6 1089—6m

### RAGS.

☞ Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS this Dec,

## CARBONIC OR CHARCOAL DENTRIFICE,

CHYMICALLY PREPARED

BY NATHANIEL SMITH.

Wholesale and Retail Perfumer, at the Golden Rose, No. 114, Broad-Way, New York.

Among the various complaints to which the human body is subject, there are, perhaps, none more universal than those of the Teeth and Gums, and though there is no immediate danger, yet they are often both very troublesome and extremely painful. The teeth being that part of the human frame by which the voice is considerably modulated, without considering what an addition to beauty a fine set of teeth are, that any person sensible of these things, must undoubtedly wish to preserve them.

Nathaniel Smith having made Chymical Perfumery his study for thirty years, in London and America, besides his apprenticeship, has had an opportunity of gaining great information on this subject and others in his line, the Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice, Chymically prepared, Smith would now offer the public, is of a superior quality for whitening the teeth and preserving the gums, fastening in those that are loose, making them firm and strong, preventing rotten and decaying teeth from growing worse, and prevents severe and acute tooth aches; it takes off all that thick corrosive matter and tartary substance that gathers round the base of the tooth, which it suffered to remain, occasions a disagreeable smell in the breath, eats the enamel from the teeth, and destroys the gums.

Those persons who wish to have the comforts of a good set of teeth, are particularly requested to make use of Smith's Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice; chymically prepared, as it can be warranted not to contain any of those acid and acrimonious substances, which only create a temporary whiteness, but in the end destroys the enamel, occasions severe pains and rottenness of the teeth; these with many other inconveniences which arise from bad Tooth Powders are entirely removed by using Smith's Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice, chymically prepared.

Nathaniel Smith has taken the greatest pains to have the materials of the best quality, and made in the most skilful manner, for those things when made by unskilful hands, greatly injures what it was at first intended to adorn.

N. Smith has this dentrifice particularly made under his own inspection.

☞ 4s per box.

March 10

1099—1f

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S. GARDETTE,

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(A pupil of his father, James Gardette, at Philadelphia.)

Inform the inhabitants of New York, that he intends practising his profession in this city. He extracts, cleans, and separates Teeth, and supplies their loss by replacing natural and artificial ones, from one tooth to a complete set—and performs all operations relative to the Teeth, Gums, &c.—He hopes by his talents, to give satisfaction to those who may honour him with their confidence.

☞ S. G may be consulted at his office, No 13 Broad street, four doors from the City-Hall

## JEWELRY AND WATCH STORE.

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Have just received and for sale, a complete assortment of elegant Silver and Gold File-grass Clasps for Ladies Coats and Pelices. An assortment of Jet Glaspas for do. Silver fashionable Pins for Head Ornaments, to match the Clasps—On hand, a general assortment of Jewellery and Watches

Jan 27

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